

AUGUST 28, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



Official History

of the

82nd Division



REVISED EDITION

ASSUMING that you were a member of this typical American Division the mere purchase of this History would mean nothing more than an exchange of money for a mass of printed material.

It means more—a lot more!

It means the preservation in memory of the days when "Comradeship" meant that the man lying beside you in a shell hole had been born in Prague, Czecho Slovakia while you had been born in Prague, Nebraska.

That's something to think about and to be proud of as is the record of your Division.

Containing a mass of supplementary features apart from Divisional Orders, citations maps, illustrations and statistics this substantially good-looking volume can be obtained from The Legion Book Service for the sum of \$3.00.

Immediately on receipt of this amount together with your name and address the History will go forward to you DIRECT from the publishers.

Every "All American" should take advantage of this opportunity to acquire at first hand the interesting History of his own Division. Act today!

Mail Coupon
for
This or Other
Histories

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

*The Legion Book Service of
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana*

I am enclosing \$3.00. Please send me the History of the 82nd Division as advertised.

Enclosed find (\$———). Send me, postpaid, History of _____ Division as advertised.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ 8-28-25

Other Divisional Histories

Official History of 4th Division. Illustrated.....\$2.00

Official History of 29th Division. Illustrated..... 5.00

"From Vauquois to Exermont" History of 35th Division. 2.00

Official History of 78th Division. Illustrated..... 3.50

← Mail this coupon now!



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



THROUGH the courtesy and with the co-operation of the War Department, the Weekly has been able to re-enlist a representative in the United States Army for one month in order to write a series of comparisons between wartime and peacetime army service. The representative is Leighton H. Blood, who went to Cuba a few months ago to obtain material for the series of articles on "Human Contraband" which attracted wide attention following their publication in June and July issues of the Weekly. The fact that Mr. Blood was an author in disguise was not allowed to become known to his immediate superiors or to his buddies in his new outfit, to all of whom he was just another sheep returned to the fold. The story of his adventures as a bona fide peacetime buck private begins in this issue of the Weekly.

* * *

FORMER First Division men ought to get an extra kick out of Mr. Blood's story, because they have a chance to go "back to the Army again" during the Legion's National Convention at Omaha, October 5th to 9th. The Society of the First Division A. E. F. will hold its 1925 reunion at Omaha during the convention and Major General George B. Duncan, commanding the Seventh Corps Area, has placed the military post of Fort Omaha at the disposal of the society. The total cost to a First Division veteran for sleeping accommodations and breakfasts for five days at the military post will be \$2.50. Fifty cents a day is the cheapest hotel rate, American plan, most buddies have found since Uncle Sam brought his olive drab tourists home from France and separated them from chow lines, paybooks and free clothing.

* * *

THE First Division isn't going to be the only outfit to do the once-a-year happy-family stuff at Omaha. A glance at the Outfit Reunions column in each issue of the Weekly reveals that many other divisional, regimental and unit reunions will be held at Omaha during the national convention. The 89th Division, the Siberian Snowdogs, the 39th Engineers (Railway), and the 408th Telegraph Battalion are among the outfits which recently have sounded assembly for Omaha.

THE official program for the national convention has been published widely by this time, and it confirms all Omaha's promises of a good time for everybody. A street fair every day; airplane races; horse racing; foot ball; a series of night parties for men in the den, the famous amusement center of Omaha's big civic club, Ak-Sar-Ben; a magnificent fireworks display at which will be shown the pieces originally designed for President Coolidge's inauguration; military demonstrations—these events stand out on the program.

The convention committee promises the best American Legion parade ever seen—"100,000 in line, headed by General Pershing and the 47 combat generals and admirals, 250 bands, 750 drum corps, 500 floats," and so on. The night parade of illuminated floats, constructed at a cost of \$75,000, will be especially notable. And, incidentally, every day during the convention there will be performances of "What Price Glory," the much-talked-of show, featuring hard-boiled Marines in estaminet and dugout.

* * *

ONE S. O. S. outfit in the old days had a youth who held his company record for sleeping with his hobnails on and dressing faster than any man in his barracks. All he had to do to be fully dressed when the bugle roused him from his blankets was to put on his rubber-tired spectacles. This man took to box-car life delightedly—there were no shower baths to threaten his placid existence while in transit. Today, however, he looks like the boys of the collar advertisements. Perhaps he will be one of the Legionnaires who will

find a comfortable place to sleep at Omaha in the Pullman City. During the convention eight hundred Pullman cars will be parked on tracks close to Omaha's business district, providing beds for 25,000 men. Those who live in the cars will have about the same conveniences they would find in hotels. Each car will have a telephone connected to the city exchange. The Legion special postoffice will deliver mail to each car. Free shower baths will be installed and free automobile service is promised. Scores of special trains will carry Legionnaires to Omaha. Many delegations will live in the cars in which they travel. Railroad fare for the round trip is the price of a one-way ticket.

Table of Contents

Cover Design by Emmett Watson	
Back to the Army Again	
By Leighton H. Blood	4
The Island Without a Name	
By Gardner L. Harding	6
Editorial	8
Forever	
One Case Among Thousands	
The Post That Never Meets	
By Alfred Harding	9
A Personal Page.....	11
By Frederick Palmer	
The Mosquito—A Summer Daze Dream	
By Wallgren	12
Buddies in Distress.....	16
Outfit Reunions	16
Bursts and Duds.....	18

SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OMAHA OCTOBER 5th to 9th

The American Legion Weekly is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1925, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published weekly at 2457 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Price \$1.50 the year. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new.

Publication Office, Indianapolis, Indiana; Advertising Office, 331 Madison Avenue, New York City;
Western Advertising Office, 22 West Monroe Street, Chicago



The gun that fired the first shot for America in the World War, October 23, 1917. It was manned by men of C Battery, Sixth Field Artillery. Mr. Blood's one-month re-enlistment was served in B Battery of the Sixth

I'VE just been back to the Army again—for thirty days. The War Department permitted me, as a representative of The American Legion Weekly, to go in more or less incognito—absolutely incognito so far as my battery officers and the battery personnel were concerned—on a special enlistment of a kind that, so far as I know, has never been granted before. Anyway it was a whole lot different enlistment from the one I signed up for in 1917.

But did it get me into a different Army? That is the question I shall try to answer in the present series of articles. That is the question I had been asking myself ever since my first out (I thought then it would be my last) in 1919. That is the question which four million army veterans have certainly asked themselves at one time or another, or many times, since they drew down their discharge papers.

Kipling, when he was a young newspaperman in India, wrote a poem about the old-time soldier who re-enlisted under another name. When he took the Queen's shilling he swore that he had never seen service before. But the drill sergeant knew. Drill sergeants always know.

I took a hint from Kipling's sergeant and didn't try to camouflage myself as a recruit. Instead I was a re-enlistment. Just one of the boys that had had a tough time in civil life and was going back to the one trade he knew. The thirty days that followed formed one of the most interesting periods in my life.

Many men, taking a second chance in the Army, choose a branch of the serv-

Back to the Army Again

By LEIGHTON H.
BLOOD

ice other than the one they served in before. The other fellow's job always seems much better. I knew infantry drill backwards, and I had been chambermaid to a tank in France. Therefore the Field Artillery seemed a good bet. The Sixth F. A. of the First Division, stationed at Fort Hoyle, Maryland, in the Third Corps Area, carried a special appeal. The Sixth has one of the best fighting records in the Army, and a regiment with a war record was what I wanted especially for purposes of comparison.

"Report at Fort Hoyle, Edgewood, Maryland, Monday morning," I was told at Baltimore as I was given a letter to the commanding officer. This was on Saturday. They don't send along a sergeant when an old-timer re-ups.

With twenty-four hours on my hands I went to Washington.

In the luxuriously appointed Racquette Club I had a chance to think. That Sunday I did a lot of thinking. My thoughts ran something like this:

"Blood, you are not as young as you were that day you went into the recruiting station at Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, New York, and joined up to see what the war was all about. There are gray hairs around your ears. And you're pretty soft now. The artillery is a tough game and the Sixth has a tough record—not the best—so that sergeant told you in Baltimore. Do you think you can do your stuff again alongside those kids of eighteen and twenty?"

I was a bit worried as I sat back in a chair that cost a private's yearly pay, knowing that next morning I would once more be taking and executing commands of non-coms and officers. But I had gone too far to back out. The editor of the Weekly had asked me for a story on what the new Army is like—not for one on the experiences of a deserter.

I knew that the Sixth had a great war record, but that was all. So, with this in mind, I got hold of a friend of mine and a copy of the history of the regiment. I think, before this article goes further, that all Weekly readers would like a sketch of the outfit, for it

is the one that had the signal honor of firing the first official American shot in the World War.

The Sixth Field Artillery, as such, first became part of the Army on May 31, 1907, at the time the old Artillery Corps was broken up into regiments and became Field Artillery and Coast Artillery. Before that time all artillery had been in one corps, designated by numbers. The present A and D batteries date back to the early nineteenth century, D being the older. From D issued that famous remark of General Taylor in the Mexican War when, turning to the battery commander, he said, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." This battery in one action in that war lost two brass cannon, but only after every man had been killed, wounded or separated from the unit. Later, at the Battle of Buena Vista, these same two cannon were recaptured, and now they occupy niches of honor at West Point.

C Battery, which fired the first shot for the United States in the world War, served with distinction in many Philippine engagements. B Battery, of which I was to become a very small part, had been the 22d Battery in the old organization.

The regiment was sent to the border early in the Mexican trouble of ten years ago. In 1916 B and C Batteries were chosen as the artillery for the punitive expedition led by General Pershing into Mexico. B Battery, fully equipped, crossed the border at Culberson's Ranch, seventy-three miles east of Douglas, Arizona, its station, and

marched 407.8 miles into Mexico. C Battery went over at Columbus, New Mexico, and marched about the same distance. You don't have to be a soldier or a veteran to appreciate that

after the last unit had been detrained. The regiment landed at St. Nazaire August 13th, the first artillery unit in the A. E. F. Training at Valdaon followed, and after four weeks the regi-



The Sixth Field in action near Exermont in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne

that was some march. Every man who took part in it will tell you that.

July 29, 1917, found the regiment on board the *H. R. Mallory*, at Hoboken, headed for France less than four hours

ment moved to the front—the Sommer-viller Sector, in Lorraine—equipped with 75's.

C Battery, Sixth Field Artillery, assigned to a place in the sector near Bathelémont-les-Bauzemont, by working all night, managed to get one gun emplaced, and notified the French officer commanding the sector that they were ready to fire. This was a little

after five o'clock in the morning. Permission was given, and at 6:05 a. m., October 23, 1917, a 75 shell went sailing out from the first section piece of C Battery toward the German lines. B Battery, stationed near Valhey, fired soon after, but C won the race by working on one gun and getting it emplaced.

This was some outfit I was entering, I thought to myself as I tried to sleep that night. At five thirty my telephone tinkled—the earliest call I had ever left with a switchboard operator. I hurriedly dressed in an old suit—I didn't want to look too good—and packed away my other stuff to leave in the check room until some later date. Into a bag went a fifty-dollar dressing case. "Won't need you for some time," I thought as I (Continued on page 14),



"As those caissons go rolling along" over the Rhine—the Sixth Field crossing from Coblenz to Ehrenbreitstein in a drizzle that indicated that Germany borrowed its weather from France

The Island Without *a* Name

By GARDNER L.
HARDING



Statue of Columbus in the Plaza Colon, Santo Domingo City. Civilization has progressed so far in the Spanish-American republic of Santo Domingo that native baseball teams have frequently beaten nines made up of United States Marines. Though its area is nearly twice as large as Haiti's, Santo Domingo has only about half the population of its sister republic

TEN years ago we went in to clean up Haiti and Santo Domingo. The world was then in the midst of a great war, into which, as all thinking Americans were then aware, we were bound to be drawn. In the little island peopled by the citizens of two jealous and weak republics of preponderantly Negro blood, affairs had been going badly for a generation, and for the five years then just past they had reached anarchy.

In the two countries eleven presidents had sat in the precarious executive chairs within six years. The last president of Haiti had been decapitated by a mob and his bleeding corpse dragged through the streets, while he himself had murdered over a hundred prisoners in one batch the day before, hostages of his enemies from among the leading families of the country. A mulatto ex-bandit was bombarding the capital in Santo Domingo with every chance of repeating his twice-successful exploit of overthrowing the Dominican government.

The Haitian crisis was in 1915, that of Santo Domingo in 1916, but for historical purposes they belong to the same moment of time in the Caribbean. It was the last gesture of a local luxury in political frenzy. Washington laid down the doctrine that



America had the right to intervene in such a crisis by military force. The eyes of our citizens were turned to Europe; the opportunity for such an intervention was secure from any challenge from abroad and from too close scrutiny at home—and certainly the provocation in each case justified action.

We took the action, and there are now ten years of experience behind it and a much soberer world to weigh the results. Nobody doubts we have established peace there. Some three thousand Marines, with the power of the United States Government behind them, could hardly do less. But how permanent is the peace, and how do the people of Haiti and Santo Domingo approve of it now that they have received it? What have we done for these countries that a less drastic method than that of virtually taking their government away from them and running it ourselves would not have accomplished just as well? In other words, what are the visible moral and physical results in Haiti and Santo Domingo as they present themselves to the impartial observing American following a decade of penetration, tutelage, and enforced good behavior from the United States?

The present writer recently spent two months on the island seeking the answer to this problem. There are, of course, two answers, as anyone who has been in that vicinity of the tropic seas well knows. There is the answer as given in Haiti, and the answer as given in Santo Domingo. For though the troubles each country suffered from seemed similar at this distance, their

similarity is an easy generalization, but does not in fact go very deep. They occupy the island jointly, but with such contrasted mutual characteristics that it is no mere historical accident that the island today has no name and expresses no evident partnership. Haiti is in actual fact a missing part of Africa, while Santo Domingo, though only ten, or at most twenty percent less black, is historically a Spanish-American republic, the darkest brother among twenty more or less troublesome other brothers west and south.

THE Haitians speak French and French Creole, observe a religion ministered by missionary Roman Catholic priests, and have a separate Concordat with Rome; their law is based on the Code Napoleon, and from education down through the less practised habits of commerce and agriculture their mode is that of an African people slightly veneered with French custom.

Across the border of Santo Domingo, however, a dozen African customs drop off within a few miles. The women bear no burdens on their heads; rancheros tend cattle on the broad plains; families sleep not on mats on the floor as in Haiti but in cot and swing beds in the Cuban style. The culture and the law is Spanish; the priests, as in all other Spanish-American countries, are native.

In Haiti the contact with the outside world almost never takes the United States seriously into consideration; athletic games, outside of a little exotic soccer football, date from our arrival;

the point of view of the better classes is founded on an old-fashioned French education and nourished by European political and cultural communication with a strong French slant. In Santo Domingo modern popular sport has made its appearance. Porto Rican baseball teams enjoy a good season, and local nines have often beaten the Marines at their favorite sport. There are good bookshops in the country and several excellent newspapers, and there are, what are absent altogether, of course, from Haiti, several cities of marked European traditions, like the famous inland capital of Santiago de los Caballeros.

Add to these sweeping differences the fact that the two countries have been at war four times in the last seventy years—Santo Domingo dates its freedom from a successful revolution from Haitian domination in 1844—and it becomes evident that none but a hardy generalizer can evaluate American penetration except in the two different and distinct lines it has had to take in each country. Only one such dual process is it proper to record. American outside interference has considerably affected the mutual relations of Haiti and Santo Domingo by forcibly keeping the peace between them over a perennial border dispute, arising out of the fruitful provocation that Haiti with two-thirds of the population occupies only one-third of the joint island. Beyond that, it is the Americans who have found a way through the almost impassable mountains which separate the two countries for the only

(Continued on page 13)



The principal street of Port au Prince, Haiti. "Ici on parle francais" signs could be placed on these market booths, though the Haitian version of the language might not be wholly intelligible to the Parisian

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Forever

THE American Legion Endowment Fund has been established as a perpetual trust with a reliable banking and trust company under a trust agreement which permits only the income to be used. The agreement provides that at such time as The American Legion shall cease to exist or the purposes outlined in the trust be entirely accomplished, the income shall be administered for the purposes most nearly the same for which need then exists, by an agency to be named by the person who shall then be President of the United States. The fund to retain the name "American Legion Endowment Fund" in perpetuity. The income is conservatively estimated at \$225,000 annually.—From the official statement setting forth the character and purposes of The American Legion Endowment Fund.

WORLD War veterans will most certainly be alive when the year 2000 dawns, three-quarters of a century hence.

The longevity records of the fighters of other wars confirm this belief. It was not until ninety-four years after the Battle of Bunker Hill that Daniel F. Bakeman ceased to be the last survivor of the Revolutionary War. His death occurred after the United States had just emerged from another great war—in 1869. He lived to be 109 years and six months old. To beat that record, a World War veteran would have to live until 2011 at least.

Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812, lived through one entire century and for five years of the century succeeding it. He died at the age of 105 in the year 1905, eighty-three years after the beginning of the war in which he fought.

Wilder S. Metcalf, Chairman of the National Finance Committee of The American Legion, when he became Commissioner of Pensions of the United States Government recently, found that among the 513,810 persons on the Government's pension rolls on June 1st, 128,221 were veterans of the Civil War and 242,216 were widows of Civil War Veterans. The Civil War ended sixty years ago. How many World War veterans will be alive sixty years hence?

When one considers the thousands of disabled men who are still in hospitals, the thousands of others fighting slow battles against disease in their own homes, the growing multitude of American children orphaned as the result of the World War, it is hard at this time to envision the day when there will be no further need of the Legion's efforts for the disabled and orphans.

One feels sure that for years to come the Legion must carry on and increase its efforts, for life and health depart each year from an increasingly large number of those who have been able-bodied since the war. And as service men die, the numbers of the orphaned will become larger and larger. And as service men, overtaken by old war injuries or disease, fall out in the battle of life, each year for many years to come the hospitalization problem, the problems of disability compensation and compensation for dependents will become of greater magnitude and complexity.

But there must be a great divide, a top of the hill, which the Legion will eventually reach in its work for the disabled and orphans, a day when the work will begin slowly to dwindle toward eventual disappearance. No one can guess how long it will take that day of disappearance to arrive or the situation that will exist at that time.

There will be a solemn responsibility of seeing that The American Legion Endowment Fund shall not cease to be a

force for national good when that day arrives. It is wholly fitting that this responsibility should be given when the time arrives to the person who shall then be President of the United States.

That person, conceivably, may be the son—or daughter—of a World War service man. Perhaps, as the Legion vanishes, the White House will be the home of a boy of today who is now waiting in one of The American Legion's children's billets to go into a home where he will find new parents to replace those the war took from him. Perhaps the President, some scores of years hence, will be a woman—her distinction being the fulfillment of all the hopes which the growing importance of women's work had created.

Only time can tell what a future President shall designate as the work to be carried on from the income of the Legion's \$5,000,000 Fund. But certainly, before the last survivor of the World War shall have passed, the dollars being assembled today will be at work in some great cause—a cause in keeping with the one for which the fund was originally raised.

One Case Among Thousands

CONGRESS has authorized for hospital construction to provide for the care and treatment of disabled World War service men a total of \$64,595,000. This fact and this figure are impressive. But now and again there occurs in an American town or city a little incident affecting but a single one of the tens of thousands of the war disabled which is far more impressive than all the figures of millions of dollars and all the long official statistical summaries.

A service man lay dying of an organic heart disease in a summer camp near Stoughton, Massachusetts. He had left a government hospital when his case was recognized as hopeless to spend his last hours with his wife and baby daughter. He was penniless and someone had given him the little cottage for the period of his final struggle. The Stoughton unit of The American Legion Auxiliary brought food to the family and Legion posts helped in other ways.

Day by day the sick man grew worse. Circumstances unavoidably compelled his wife and daughter to leave his bedside and the little cottage, and a doctor sent by the Veterans Bureau decreed that he must return to a hospital. But he had become so weak that transporting him in an ambulance would have meant certain death. Then Stoughton Post of The American Legion proved how strong are the bonds of common service by doing what American soldiers did countless times when comrades lay desperately wounded at the battlefield where ambulances could not reach them. Legionnaire stretcher bearers bore the dying man a long distance over rough ground to the only hospital in the vicinity. A whole community waited while the journey was being made and rejoiced when the hospital was reached.

The citizens of Stoughton do not need facts and figures to confirm what has been said about The American Legion Endowment Fund, established for the purpose of helping the disabled and the orphans of service men. They have seen the Legion answering the call of distress. Facts and figures seem insignificant in comparison with a single case of human suffering relieved.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is said that radio is still in its infancy. Which probably accounts for its bad behavior when you have company.

♦ ♦ ♦

It used to be ten miles from Binghamton to Billville, but the distance now separating them is just twenty-two filling stations and fourteen hot-dog stands.

♦ ♦ ♦

Police statistics show that two percent of the women in this country occasionally carry revolvers. The ratio of women who dress fit to kill, however, is much higher.



The midway at Fox Hills Hospital, Staten Island, New York, on the day N. V. A. Post gave a carnival for five thousand disabled men. Paper money was distributed to the patients, and the post set up a special booth where more was handed out anytime a guest went broke

CONNIE O'DONNELL and his vaudeville sketch had got as far as Denver on the Orpheum Circuit. O'Donnell, a veteran of the Twenty-Seventh Division, was playing in one of the most successful of the overseas soldier shows, compressed into a vaudeville bit called "Putting It Over".

Right there in Denver Connie had to quit. He was taken suddenly ill, and it was discovered that the gassing he had received in France had brought on a well-developed case of tuberculosis. All his bookings were cancelled immediately and he was rushed to Fitzsimons General Hospital.

There, after the first intensive rest period had elapsed and he was able to be about a bit, he discovered that in that community of five thousand sick men there were few provisions for entertainment.

Now O'Donnell was a member of N. V. A. (National Vaudeville Artists) Post of The American Legion, Department of New York. Every member of that post—and there are nearly one thousand—is a vaudeville actor who saw World War service in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. O'Donnell got in touch with the Orpheum manager in Denver and with friends who were on the bill. Every week during the two years that he was in the hospital the entire Orpheum show, including the house manager, the house orchestra and stage hands, made the fifteen-mile trip and put on a complete bill from the trained seals to the headliner, for the benefit of patients, nurses and doctors at the hospital. This in spite of the fact that two performances were given in the theatre in Denver that day in addition to the hospital show.

A few months ago O'Donnell obtained a leave of absence from the hos-

The Post that Never Meets

By ALFRED
HARDING

pital to have another look at Broadway. He was stricken again, removed to a hospital and died within a week.

Within a few weeks of the death of O'Donnell, Danny Burns, a war-time buddy, also a member of N. V. A. Post and the man who followed O'Donnell in the rôle he had occupied in "Putting It Over", dropped dead on the stage of a Loew theatre in New York City.

But though O'Donnell and Burns and others are gone—the post has lost three of its members in the last six months alone from results of their overseas services—the men who remain in Fitzsimons and other general hospitals are not forgotten by the post or the theatrical interests with which it is allied.

Just about the time O'Donnell was making his discovery of the state of

things at Fitzsimons General Hospital, it was brought to the attention of the post that at Johnson City, Tennessee, there was a hospital in which there had never been a real show.

Johnson City is in an isolated section of country many miles from a theatre, and with limited railroad service. The post put the matter up to officials of the B. F. Keith Circuit in New York, with whom its relations have always been exceedingly close, and the Keith officials arranged for a special train which carried an entire bill three hundred miles to give the men at Johnson City a show on Christmas Day. The artists donated their services for this trip. The same stunt was repeated last year and has been established as an annual custom.

Probably the most spectacular stunt of this sort was the one staged by N. V. A. Post at Fox Hills, Staten Island, a few years ago, just before that institution was abandoned by the Government. For weeks members of the post worked getting up the entertainment. Everything, of course, was to be free to the thousands of men at that time in the hospital. But to stimulate interest the committee in charge had a special supply of paper money printed for the occasion, which was taken over to the Island and distributed a week in advance of the big day.

This was a tactical error, as the committee discovered when the show was actually opened. Hundreds of dismayed patients swarmed about the tents which had been erected on a section of the grounds and admitted that they were penniless. In one ward an expert manipulator of the galloping dominoes had cornered the entire available supply of cash.

The owner of these talented freckled cubes was finally cornered and made to

disgorge. After a new deal all around the party was on again. But despite this and similar precautions, since the circus tents, vaudeville tent, paddle wheels, cold drink and hot dog stands accepted only the official script, the committee had to turn over one tent to a finance officer who did nothing all day but issue money to buddies who had gone broke.

There were still many hundreds of patients who could not get to the circus lot, even in wheel chairs. For the benefit of these cot cases six of the entertainers spent the day visiting the wards in which they lay.

What N. V. A. Post has done at Denver, Johnson City and Fox Hills, it is willing, within the limits of possibility, to do anywhere in the United States or Canada. Post Commander Glenn Condon has authorized the statement that if any Legionnaire who knows of an institution for the care of sick or disabled ex-service men in which there is no provision for entertainment will communicate with N. V. A. Post, 229 West 46th Street, New York City, arrangements

will be made to take care of the situation.

For the general run of events a situation such as was encountered at Johnson City would be out of the question. In the

majority of cities vaudeville bills play a different town each day and give two performances or more in each town.

Ordinarily entertainments for the disabled must be given in the morning, or between the afternoon and evening shows. If the institutions are so far from the places in which there are vaudeville theatres that this arrangement cannot be followed the difficulties of staging a program are greatly intensified.

N. V. A. Post is probably unique among its fellows in The American Legion in that no general business meetings of its members are ever held. These latter are appearing daily before audiences in more than three hundred cities scattered about the continent of North America, and others are always catching trains and steamships the world over. Only a handful are ever in New York at any one time, and for that reason full authority is vested in the officers and executive committee.

Another respect in which it probably stands alone is that members of N. V. A. Post pay no dues. National, state and county assessments are met from the proceeds of an annual benefit performance in a Broadway theatre to which members of the post and their friends donate their services. The theatre is given for the benefit by E. F. Albee, head of the Keith-Albee Circuit, who is also the donor of the post's stand of colors.

Yet, despite the absence of dues, the post enjoys the use of what is in all probability the most expensive clubhouse to be found in Legion circles. The New York clubhouse of the National Vaudeville Artists is a million dollar home, and it is always at the disposal of N. V. A. Post.

Post Commander Glenn Condon is editor of the *Vaudeville News*, the official organ of the Keith-Albee interests. But despite the duties of that position he found time to win a free trip to the St. Paul National Convention of the Legion last September for obtaining more members than any other individual in the department during 1924.

Two members of the executive committee of N. V. A. Post, Robert Redmond and Gerald Le Forest, proposed, and the post fostered, the testimonial to General John J. Pershing which was described in the Weekly of May 22d. This testimonial was tendered during a monster theatrical performance at the New York Hippodrome on Saturday, April 25th. A number of the ranking stars of the vaudeville stage participated. The proceeds of that performance formed the post's contribution to the Legion's campaign for a \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund for disabled service men and orphans of veterans. The tes-

(Continued on page 17)



Legionnaire Eddie Leonard, whose act is a classic on the big-time circuit, entertaining disabled men in a California hospital



Fred Stone and Will Rogers playing bodyguard to Glenn Condon (center), Commander of N. V. A. Post. This picture blasts the theory that you can always tell an actor by his big-check trousers and rainbow cravat

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

A newspaper headline about the Page's prize contest says, "Writer Demands an Excuse for War". No such need. Humanity has found enough excuses for war through ages of bloodletting.

Not an Excuse Prize

The war was. You cannot wipe out that fact. And the war having been, what have you got out of it and made out of it that has helped you and will help others? When we have all the answers we shall consider if we can gain the moral values of the unifying patriotism and purpose, the exaltation of sacrifice for the whole and the discipline and fellowship, in any other way except by war.

I sat up late last night, enthralled, as I read the first batch of letters; reading not yet for judgment but for my own sake. All have been filed in order of receipt. I thank the writer of every one. He gave me something. The heart and character that these letters reveal are a tribute to the Legion. Some of the best were the simplest—just as if the writer were talking his thought to me. Too many cannot talk in that way. Enter the competition not only to win the prize but to have your say in the family. Conditions are printed on page 15.

A college professor has been weighing, measuring, analyzing the official league baseball. He finds that it is absolutely the same as it was when six or seven was a big score in innings for a major league nine.

The Ball They Hit

Why, then, the home run epidemic? How account for a major league burst of thirteen runs in one inning? Aren't the pitchers as good as of old? I think that they are; but the batters are better. The supply from the sandlots has risen to meet the demand. The boy who can hit the ball has become as much of a hero as the pitcher. Successions of strikeouts and outs at first, which had given the game a mechanical monotony, brought concentration on high prices and rewards for those who could give two base hit and home run thrills. The balance can be restored by rules favoring the pitchers if we are tired of free hitting. Are we?

"Way out here in the sage brush and cactus," as A. J. Dougherty, department commander of Arizona, begins his letter—well, Arizona seems to have the idea that the Endowment Fund was to be ten instead of five millions. Arizona has raised \$31,000 when its quota was \$15,000.

Good Gospel From Arizona

And Arizona is putting a representative of the Auxiliary on all executive committees. And I like the sentiment of Dougherty's letter which cannot be too often repeated.

"The Legion," he says, "is the only organization in America where the miner and mine superintendent, the boss and workman, the executive and salaried man, the farmer, the professional man, the merchant and laborer all may meet on common ground and find out what each other are thinking about."

Arizona does not just pass a resolution in favor of this principle, but applies it; and it is the application which doubles any kind of a quota.

Eloquent as only facts and the record of personal effort can be is the printed sheet before me. It shows what the Carry-On Service of Westchester County, New York, has done in 1921-24 and for the first half of 1925. It has looked after 610 disabled and 708 non-disabled cases, securing results, not including financial, in 1,270 cases, and secured \$323,187 in back pay and compensation rewards. All that means organization. But what kind of organization? The kind that gets down to personal detail.

A "Carry-On" That Carries

There have been 23,603 personal interviews, 13,875 letters have been written, 987 discharges copied, 1,658 records written and so on through the list, including employment secured and keeping accounts for the guardians of incompetent veterans. Westchester, with a large mixed population and many commuters to New York City, is hard to hold together. The plan started in Mt. Vernon Post No. 3 under Casper W. Hahnel, who is now county commander, and spread to other county posts until it has now the official backing and financial support of the county board of supervisors.

Hospitals for the insane are coming forward with more proofs of the cure of cases of paresis by chills and fever induced by the bites of malarial mosquitoes. There is no record of how many people have been driven insane by mosquitoes. I know that they were responsible for one bold infantry dash. "Why did your company start before its time?" a colonel demanded of a captain. "Because," replied the captain, "the mosquitoes were so thick that we had to go one way or the other. So we went ahead."

Here is picture of four hundred college athletic coaches attending a summer course at the University of Illinois.

They look after the physique of youth on the threshold of manhood who are used to good living. What of the majority of boys who do not go to college? If they are to be healthy minded citizens, they must have healthy bodies. Why should they not have their cheer leaders and their coaches and a national organization? It is competition that keeps up athletic interest. Major John L. Griffith, of Chicago, would have two million American boys in one great amateur athletic league. This would give us many of the benefits of universal conscription without authority of Congress. It is a big idea; a builder of men idea.

Begin When They Are Young

Things are going better for the French in Morocco. I would not take any honor away from Marshal Pétain; but I do note the report that the American mule has arrived. Wherever there is war he is in demand. Motor transport can not take his place on mountain paths. The whirr of airplanes, the swish of bombs or the scream of shells can not disturb his phlegm; or oaths unduly hasten him to a nervous breakdown. His toughness is proof against all climates. If you could get the enemy soldiers in turn to tickle his heels he could win any war by himself.

Here Is the Mule Again

The Mosquito—A Summer Daze Dream

By Wallgren



The Island Without a Name

(Continued from page 7)

road which now conveniently connects the two capitals, the Las Cahobas-Commendador road, finally completed and opened to traffic only two years ago. Modern communication between the two countries has thus just begun to exist—the few miles of railway do not approach the border from either side—and friendly political communication outside of a guarded collaboration on mutual grievances against the United States, is an aspect of things still far ahead in the future.

In these circumstances the most patent fact of the present situation, the evacuation of Santo Domingo by the American occupation and its return in 1923 to full Dominican sovereignty, indicates no parallel whatever with regard to Haiti. For so different have been the methods of American administration, by reason largely of the expressive contrasts noted above, that the two countries might have been at opposite ends of the world for all the resemblance that American methods of handling them have shown.

To get the record straight, here are a few of these contrasts. In Haiti, so far as existing forms are concerned, we never interrupted the succession of Haitian presidents, but we have imposed a new constitution on the Haitian people and have abrogated all parliamentary forms of government, local and national. In Santo Domingo we forcibly turned out the president selected after our entrance and governed the country by American naval and marine military governors, with a complete set of officers of the United States Navy occupying the executive posts of the cabinet in a supposedly sovereign Dominican Republic. But, swerving from this extreme interference, we turned over to a popularly elected Dominican president in 1923 a thoroughly reconstituted state, and got out bag and baggage.

We have let the problems of education and the judiciary in Haiti severely alone; in Santo Domingo we started a public school system and assisted in reorganizing the courts. Only within the past two years have we begun the stages in Haiti by which a system of local taxation is to be instituted on modern lines; in Santo Domingo it was put into effect four years ago. We have built splendid roads in Santo Domingo at great cost; in Haiti we have done all that an extremely able corps of naval engineers could do with limited funds, but the roads and public improvements are not nearly so good, and the fact that they have cost much less has not improved the chagrin of the Haitians. We made the Dominican army into a highly trained and efficient rural guard, and left it, completely staffed with Dominican officers, to its own devices. The corresponding gendarmerie in Haiti is still to all intents and purposes an American-controlled force, with its capacity for meeting a national emergency by its own resources still far behind that across the border, and with some 75 marine officers and non-coms still watchfully and distrustfully in charge.

Assuredly, if clean-cut results and the appreciation of them by the people most concerned go for anything, Haiti must be considered the lesser achievement of the two. The truth is that our administration has lacked a policy there from the beginning. An excellent example is the road system in the south, one of the most vivid impressions of ineptitude the most favorably disposed American traveler receives on leaving the capital at Port au Prince. In a brief journey down the coast this road crosses the railway that serves some of the chief commercial resources of the island no less than twenty-four times. It was built by marine engineers for purely strategic purposes, and need never have crossed the railway at any point.

Similarly the mountain roads up to the fertile plateau north of the capital toward Mirebelais and the Artibonite River reach grades of eight and ten percent that make them totally unfit for commercial use. Only after six years of building such roads, partly under the eminent guidance of General Smedley D. Butler, was an understanding arrived at that the American occupation would best serve its purpose by planning the commercial future of Haiti and not by laying out convenient highways for reaching interior "centers of disturbance."

Since then the better part of our real contribution toward opening up interior Haiti has been made, a contribution by competent naval engineers which has justified our intervention at last by achievement, and, as no less important a corollary, by training a body of Haitian engineers capable of carrying the work on, as in many other fields of vital national improvement, after we shall have departed. But the whole program has been delayed and our reputation for efficiency and forehandedness severely compromised among intelligent Haitians by a long period, lasting through the notorious Senate investigations of 1920, in which a purely military administration was shown to have made no sufficient plan for the future and lived from hand to mouth on its reputation of policing the country and bringing it peace.

TODAY a virtually civilian administration in Haiti is carrying on all that is valuable in the American policy of occupation. I found everywhere the problem uppermost in their minds, and very much to the fore in the thoughts of the friendliest of Haitians, however, that would seem to be the central problem of American helpfulness in a country like Haiti even under the most favorable conditions. How can a complicated, rich and alien country like the United States really bring down its scale of usefulness to suit the needs of this very rudimentary nation of Haiti?

The average Haitian peasant in the hills has about eight cents total capital in this world, and he thinks in these terms. I found him, through miles of riding back in the hills where no wheeled vehicle had ever penetrated, picking the wild crops for exchange at the market town for the necessities of

life. There is not a cultivated farm save for one or two show places in the south anywhere in the country. Patches of maize, sweet potatoes and plantains provide two-thirds of the people's diet, helped out by fruits in season and inwardly kindled from time to time by tafia, the all-powerful local stimulant of cheap rum. Not one in a thousand outside the towns can read and write, and counting the towns the illiterate population is over ninety percent. At Thomonde a priest offered to take me up over the hill to see "the married man", a great curiosity among his simple neighbors, who lived much more simple and casual lives, though they were, declared the père, "surprisingly monogamous."

THOSE people have no Fords where-with to ride to market over the fine new American roads, and little to trade when they get there. They ride their sturdy burros along the craggy little ruts in the hills worn down by over a hundred years' travel by this simple means, and watch the lengthening ribbon of the white man's road with amazement. On a journey of over fifty miles through the center of the country, along a fine hard road, I met only one other conveyance using it, and that was the American car coming out of Cap-Haïtien to meet me.

These things show that after ten years of hard work in Haiti it is not the so-called brutality of the American soldiers nor the high-handed attitude attributed to the American régime in depriving the Haitians of political power—it is not these two much-advertised causes which have made our achievements stumble there. I should discount them both as being necessary parts of any kind of disciplinary policy in Haiti, the one mended by the obviously peaceful and good-humored present day character of the Haitian people, and the other a pure concern of self-defense against groups of parasitic politicians. But we have not carried through the constructive reorganization of the country which alone would justify such action; we are just beginning to find the means now to give such changes a real momentum. By the most selfish standards of American intervention as it might be looked at with European eyes—Are Americans drawing any profit from Haiti?—it must be admitted that our sugar industry, our shipping lines and our railroad, our fruit and cotton ventures, all are run either at a loss or at a profit only justified by future hopes. Wall Street has not "exploited" Haiti, and it should be said in passing that the American local régime and the State Department have combined recently to keep out of the country any American project trying to guarantee its profits according to the old-fashioned Caribbean policy, out of the public treasury. Strange as it may seem to radicals, our business policy has been exemplary in the way it has stood on its own merits and has used Haiti as a market to sell and buy without preferential treatment.

The trouble goes far deeper; we have shouldered a definite responsibility for

fitting the Haitians for modern life, and it will probably take the Haitians a generation to begin to catch on to the spirit of such a change. Had we adhered to the original terms of the Convention of 1916, which was drawn to run for ten years, we should be facing the necessity of leaving the Haitians next year to operate our reforms according to their own devices. But before President Dartiguenave finished his term an arrangement was quietly come to extending the Convention for ten years more. This is not so well known in Haiti as it should be, nor is it known that the banking syndicate which contracted the loan of 1922 wrote into the loan agreement some very definite conditions which will not expire for thirty years from that date. Under neither set of obligations are our modes of control such as will require indefinitely the presence of the Marines, and it is quite likely that the Marines may be reduced to skeletonized form next year, at any rate as a fair and proper experiment justified by a long period of complete peace. But if the Marines have to go back, we shall have nothing for it but to follow the Dominican case and take over the whole policy. We just could not go on trying to nail currant jelly to a wall; we would have to wipe the wall clean and begin again.

But, committed as we are to partial control at present, in the normal course we must decrease the appearance of that control rather than increase it. In other words, for political and other reasons we are cleaning up Haiti very slowly indeed. You can travel over the six hundred miles of American road and see the fine steel bridges over the rivers and the poles of the thousand-mile American system of telephones and telegraphs; you will find the fifteen hundred Haitian gendarmes in their American uniforms a still more amazing human change from the ragged armies of old; you will find a

president, Louis Borno, who is no puppet but a real executive of patriotic Haitian ancestry of the eighteenth century; you will find fever, plague and disease extraordinarily well controlled; you will find, in sum, the carefully planned new framework of a new Haiti. But the power of a country with a \$6,000,000 budget to grow into this modernity, the capacity of an impoverished, rudimentary people bled by a century of disorder and improvidence—these things remain almost as they were when we came in ten years ago, and the experiment has got to get back to the simplest forms of slow and patient leveling up among the people of Haiti who alone can produce the wealth to make their country self-reliant, before it will acquire its justification in permanent results.

SANTO DOMINGO, especially as it stands in its free state, unencumbered today by any apparent American interference, has now been written off the books as an awkward American problem, and this contrasting fact is largely due to courage of the American régime in applying in Santo Domingo the drastic policy we have not been sufficiently sure of ourselves to put into effect in Haiti. The Spanish republic, after ten years of something like really intensive Americanized alteration, now has a thoroughly modern taxing system, considering its latitude, roads that were built right and are heavily traveled by native traffic, a growing sugar industry that is immensely profitable and a fairly thriving trade situation, a native national police force keeping model order, and a Dominican chosen president, Horacio Vasquez, who is in power by virtue of the most honest Dominican election ever permitted to the people. One of the reasons for its greatly superior state to that of Haiti, so far as we are concerned, is that when we went in we really went in—so thoroughly

that we have been able to come out with a solid momentum of wholesome change fairly well guaranteed for the immediate future. We have really done something to settle the hopeless muddle of land ownership through land courts under a conscientious and patient American expert; we have laid the beginnings of schools and hospitals and sanitation that will survive eternally to our credit.

There is probably more distrust of us and outspoken dislike in Santo Domingo than in Haiti, but there is more respect for us, and there is more confidence in the future of the co-operation that is inevitable between us. We outraged Latin-American susceptibilities there and we still outrage them, but the bonds of Santo Domingo are the highest in the world market of the bonds of any Latin-American republic, and that is a fair measure of the country's transformed and stable future as left in Dominican hands.

This is our first experiment of firsthand and thoroughgoing interference in the affairs of any people coming within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, the most difficult experiment we have ever tried in Latin America. Haiti and Santo Domingo are milestones in the development of that doctrine which has so far brought us heavy responsibilities but as yet, especially in Haiti, no commensurate return. That they are milestones in the right direction seems justified by the honest achievement any fair-minded observer must admit. But the pace is slow, and the co-ordination between American help and the local capacity to receive it is indifferently grafted on a still prevailing imperviousness among the people of Haiti and Santo Domingo. But if that is so, let no American say it is their fault. For we are the big nation, which should be intelligent enough to have dealt more wisely, and generous enough to have known and tried the practical values of magnanimity.

Back to the Army Again

(Continued from page 5)

looked at its fittings, all a gift from my wife on sailing for Europe a couple of years ago. Also into the bag went shirts and other accessories that I knew the Army would provide.

Nine o'clock found me at Edgewood. Fort Hoyle lies about three miles inside the reservation, served by a dinky electric railway. One of the largest reservations in the Army, Edgewood is a high explosive loading plant and arsenal and headquarters of the Chemical Warfare Service.

As the dinky rolled along this bright morning, past trim woods, the dew not yet out of the air, I thought of other mornings in a land across the sea, of woods there that were not so trim but shattered and torn by shellfire. Soon I was to see an outfit that had participated in every big action that American troops went through. Would there be any there who remembered the mud, the torn roads, the fox holes, the rain that never ceased?

At headquarters, located in a smart stucco building, I was turned over to a warrant officer—a line officer during the war, I later learned. He was of

the old school, and knew what the soldier of today calls "his onions". He questioned me about what I had done in civil life, what I had been in the Army during the war, and why I had re-enlisted. I thought that I had my story down pretty pat but I had to watch my step. I did slip up and admit that I knew army paper work. At once he wanted to grab me. I insisted on being sent to a gun battery for a while at least, "to harden up", I told him, for I knew that I was soft and that I hadn't come there to sit at a desk or behind a typewriter all day. I had come to see what the real Army is like today.

"B Battery is short of men. They get next call," said Staff Sergeant Siebel, "but I need men here. Better stick here or in brigade." He had been listening to the warrant officer questioning me. I insisted, and then up spoke an orderly, whose name I later learned was Brill, the best hitter on the regimental nine. "My battery, C, is looking for old-timers, and we need a battery clerk. The top told me to grab any that came in. We feed good

and the top is an old-timer. You'll like it better than B—B don't eat as well as we do."

That little touch of esprit de corps from Brill showed me that I was in the Army again. "B don't eat as well as we do." It is the spirit that all officers seek and some find—the spirit all business men look for in their organizations. It's called morale.

But C Battery was full. B had next call and was lowest in strength. The warrant officer was in a quandary. "I think you'd like C better. I'll see the adjutant," and he departed across the hall to the regimental adjutant's office. Captain William R. Woodward, the adjutant, came back with him. He looked at the papers ordering me to Fort Hoyle and remarked, "B needs men, and they won't have to bother with recruit drill. This man can go to duty at once." This was final, and I was started to B Battery with Brill to show me the way, my papers in his hand.

B Battery quarters were the second down the street. Only the room orderly and the supply sergeant were on duty. The battery clerk was in the

gun park, they told us, taking instruction on the 75 in order to rate expert gunner. So to the gun park we went, down past the stables to the last in two long lines. There, in the gun park, taking lessons in nomenclature, range and all the other intricate details of the expert gunner, were some of the men who were to be my thirty-day buddies. A first lieutenant was showing them the whys and wherefores as they bent over the gun. This lieutenant, I was to know better later on, is a nephew of Major General Peyton C. March, once commander of the same battalion this youth is serving in. Coming from a long line of Army men, First Lieutenant Francis A. March, 3d, seems to have inherited all the spirit and leadership of his predecessors of that name.

The battery clerk came over to us. "New man?" he inquired. "Yes, fresh meat for the wolves," I told him. "Take him back to the orderly room to wait till the battery comes in," ordered the clerk, Johnny Conway, who, by the way, is a Baptist minister by profession but just now is a corporal in the Field Artillery, serving his second enlistment. More of him anon in this series.

As we started back to the barracks a first sergeant came from the picket line where the battery was grooming horses under the eye of the captain and two second lieutenants. He hailed us, and Brill and myself stopped. As he approached he said, "You a re-enlistment?" He was still a dozen or more feet away. "Yes," I told him simply. "Thought so," he said. "Can tell them most of the time. Stick around here on the picket line while we groom and then come in with the battery," he ordered me, dismissing Brill. As we walked to the picket line he asked me about my previous service. The first sergeant, Howard de Wolf, had been a captain during the war, and before that an enlisted man.

Standing about watching the men use the currycomb and brush on horses that the next day I was to be acting as maid to gave me a chance to look the outfit over. It was the same picture that could have been painted a hundred times over back in war days. The men looked the same; the non-coms might have come out of any one of a million other outfits. Old-timers, I said to myself, as I saw sergeants walking

up and down the line, giving out a low command now and then, or showing a man how to handle an unruly horse.

The grooming over, the horses were watered and tied in and the battery went back to barracks in column of fours. That they were not in step hit the infantryman in me, but, then, why should Field Artillery be expert foot soldiers? Everyone was talking of the new man, but few asked questions.

In quarters a sergeant came over to me. "What post, buddy?" he asked, pointing to my Legion button. I told him.

"Knew you were an old-timer. Here, let me introduce the other old-timers. All the sergeants were in the well-known war. Guess you won't have any trouble here." And then I met Shea and Olsen and Willem and Mullen and all the rest.

"Come and get it!" shouted the sergeant in charge of quarters, and my first new Army meal was on. But not in mess kits, buddy. Instead there were long, clean tables for each section and the detail, with the section non-com at the head of his table. And—though you may not believe it—there were real dishes on the table, and there was a table waiter to get seconds. To make the first meal perfect beans were the principal dish. I happen to like beans. Born and raised in New England, I believe I am somewhat of a connoisseur of that fruit. And I never ate any better beans than were served that noon to B Battery of the Sixth F. A. at Fort Hoyle.

When the meal was over I was instructed to see Mike Abel, the supply sergeant. An old-timer and a one-time first sergeant, he saw to it that I was given a cot bed and a good mattress. Shades of 1918! "Come back to the supply room and get your mattress cover, sheets and pillow cases," he told me. Could this be true? Sheets and pillow cases in the Army? I had never seen them there before save when some new second lieutenant, fresh from home with an O. D. bed roll, brought them in. But it was true, and I made up my bed in the style I knew in the old days, which is still the same, with the blankets folded just the same way. I wondered if some lieutenant would come snooping around to inspect the blankets and sheets to see if they were folded right. In thirty days I don't remember any such inspection while I was about. You may not believe that, either, but it's true. Your sergeant does the inspecting now.

The first afternoon was easy—bunk fatigue. That night one of the soldiers in the section I had been assigned to took me to the camp movies, where "The Sea Hawk" was playing. This soldier, Abe Wiener, came from Philadelphia and played first base on the regimental team. Then back to the barracks—lights out at nine thirty.

The next morning—uniforms. When I went through Fort Slocum, New York, seven years ago, they fired a bunch of clothes at you and told you to put them on and be a soldier. It's not done that way in the Army now. Instead the supply sergeant, his assistant and myself hitched up the battery light wagon and drove to the post quartermaster, where I was turned over to the warrant officer in charge.

Warrant officers are new in the Army since war-time. They rate every-



A real delight—deliciously flavored—outdoor men find its use

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



I Make \$25.00
per day writes D.C. Beckham

FREE SAMPLES

Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for Large Manufacturer Direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Many earn \$100.00 weekly and bonus. Write for Free Samples.

MADISON SHIRT MILLS, 664 Broadway, New York

PATENTS

E. E. STEVENS,
LEGIONNAIRE OF MARYLAND

Secured. Trade-marks and Copyrights registered. Registered Patent Attorney Late of the 115th U.S. Infy.

Solicits as a member of the old established firm of MILOB, STEVENS & CO., the business of his fellow Legionnaires and of their friends. We offer strictly professional service at moderate fees. Preliminary advice without charge. Send sketch or model for examination. Offices Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 338 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.



Keep your copies of the Weekly in a neat binder. When you are old and gray, you will have a priceless souvenir. The binders will conveniently hold the copies of the year.

"The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly" is embossed in gold on the cover.

Full Book Cloth (red) \$1.25 postpaid

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
Indianapolis, Indiana

FREDERICK PALMER announced on his Personal Page in the July 31st issue a prize contest open to all Legionnaires, men and women, for the best answers to the question, "What good did you get out of your service in the war?" Prizes will be as follows: First, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$25; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$10; next five, \$5 each. No answer must exceed two hundred words. Write on one side of page only. Do not disclose your name; either attach name and address in a small envelope or write it in an upper corner of your answer and then fold and pin down the corner. Address all answers to Prize Contest, Personal Page, The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana—and send them to reach the Weekly by September 20th.

Free SUIT OFFER

By Our **New Plan** **Made to Order** **Now**

Send No MONEY

To secure boosters for our unbeatable values, classy styles and perfect tailoring, we make this introductory free suit offer. Our new plan enables you to get one of our fine, made-to-order suits, in any style you like without spending money.

AGENTS Earn \$9 to \$18 DAILY

WANTED Cash for you besides Free Suit for spare time showing our wonderful samples to neighbors and friends, we show you how, prices so low folks buy on sight, get cash and FREE SUIT. No experience needed. Biggest sample outfit, agents wholesale prices, real sample pieces, fashion styles, tape measure, simple directions. **WRITE AT ONCE for FREE suit offer and Free sample outfit.**

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. H-105, Chicago



You can have the famous French dishes which you missed in France if you take home to your best girl (your wife)

French Home Cooking

By **CLAIRE DE PRATZ**—\$2.50

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

Cal. 30

U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES

All Carabines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Government and equal to new

\$15

Krag Rifles \$12.50	Krag Sporting Rifles . . \$14.00
Sprgld. 45 Shot Guns . 4.50	Sprgld. 45 Carabines . . 8.50

and other arms

SEND FOR CATALOG.

W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-E, NORTH 10th ST., PHILA., PA.

PLUMES

by

LAURENCE STALLINGS

Author of "What Price Glory"

We recommend "Plumes" because it is a tremendously important novel, portraying the intimate personal life of a returned soldier and his wife, picturing their inevitable sacrifice on the altar of Patriotism and what it all comes to. It is a vivid story of two young people who attempt to cover the scars of war. Richard Plume comes home to his wife and child, with only one leg, a \$45.00 a month allowance from the Government and a bitter grudge against war.

The author was a captain of the Marines at Belleau Wood, where he lost a leg in the first wave of the last attack on that strong position. It might well be a story of his own life.

The Legion Book Service of The American Legion Weekly Indianapolis, Indiana

Enclosed you will find \$2.10 (No C. O. D.'s.) For copy of Plumes as advertised. Please mail, postpaid, to:

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ 8-28-25

thing but a salute. This one knew his business. First there were shoes. In my stocking feet I stepped into a machine that registered weight and resistance and everything but windage, I guess. It was fully ten minutes before the warrant officer decided the size was right. I want to say now that I put on heavy field shoes that day and kept in them a month without one pinch, even though I waded in brooks watering horses and had to let the shoes lie out in the dew several nights when in the field.

Next came the measuring for uniform, underwear and leggings. Yes, they really measure you just as a good civilian tailor does. After that came the matter of a hat and a garrison cap. When all this had been done we went to another part of the building where, after a wait, a big bin on trucks showed up and I saw more equipment than I had ever beheld in my life as a soldier. There was everything from a complete war-time toilet set to mosquito bars, cap ornaments and six uniforms. The ever present fatigue clothes were also there. That it took two foot lockers to hold it shows how much equipment a soldier receives in

the Army today. And I was issued two brand-new foot lockers. Shades of 1917!

Back in the barracks once more I got into O. D. It all seemed natural. Just as if I had been away on a short leave. My cap ornament was not the regulation shiny one, but still showed the gun metal. I borrowed a wire brush to burnish it—a tough job. I had been at work a few minutes on this when Private Biros, in my new section, came over with one all shined up. "Never mind shining that," he said. "You can have this. Shine the other one some other time. I have more."

That night I stood my first retreat. It was formal, with the regimental band to play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Right dress and parade rest came back so natural that I had executed the commands before I realized they had been given. Then supper and the movies again, and to bed ready for the next day, when actual duty would begin.

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Blood on the Army of today compared to the Army during the World War.

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

AIKENS, WM. E., disappeared from home, Mecca, Ind., June 18, 1925; has red hair, brown eyes, weighs about 130 pounds, tattooed arms.

AMOROS, MATEO, wishes to hear from former members Hq. Co., Fifth Div., and Co. A., 6th Inf.

60TH INF., FIFTH DIV., in Meuse-Argonne, Nov., 1918; comrades remembering Private GEORGE H. CLARK, Med. Det., known as "the little medical man".

Former members of Co. D., 111TH INF., 28TH DIV., stationed at Tallencourt, France, March, 1919.

CASSIDY, WM. J., 23d Bn., U. S. Guards, stationed at Garfield, Utah, in summer and fall of 1918 and mustered out at Camp Lewis, Jan. 3, 1919.

CLARMONT, STANLEY, Veterans' Bureau claimant, formerly cpl., Btty. A, 315th F. A., disappeared from home, Welch, W. Va., March, 1925.

CRUTCHFIELD, ARD B., Raleigh, North Carolina, relative to evidence establishing \$60 bonus claim.

DAVIS, MAYNARD R., formerly Co. F, 319th Eng., shell-shocked, disappeared from Government Hospital, Palo Alto, Calif., June 4, 1925; age 35 years, height 5'9", 158 pounds, grey eyes, light brown hair, sharp-featured, prominent nose, prominent eye-tooth, has three-quarter inch scar at right eye.

LEBLANC, WILLIE (colored), formerly of 857th Transportation Corps; last known address, Morgan City, La. War Dept. holding money allotted to his mother, Mrs. Mary Wilber, New Iberia, La.

Former members of Co. C, 359TH INF.

Company clerk of Co. L, 72d INF., 11TH DIV., stationed at Camp Meade, July 1918.

Former members and CAPT. NARVIS of Co. B, 101ST INF., 26TH DIV.

Comrades remembering the hospitalization of HENRY H. MAYNARD, 88TH CO., U. S. M. C., at Navy Hospital, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa., in Aug., 1918.

PATTERSON, GUY RICHARD, World War sailor, enlisting from 512 Mesa St., El Paso, Texas; discharged in 1919, Shanghai, China.

Former members SUPPLY Co., THIRD F. A., on grazing detail at Luce na Duc, France, recalling HAROLD H. SHANKLIN being kicked by mule named "Black Diamond."

Former members of Co. I, 38TH INF., THIRD DIV., to assist a tubercular buddy.

Former members of BATTERY B, 15TH F. A., with this organization Oct., 1919, particularly stable sergeant and battery clerk.

SMALL, Ed, Cpl., 312 Field Signal Bn.

SMITH, JOHN ELVIS, formerly private, first-class, Ord. Dept., Ft. Hunt, Va., has over \$5,000 accumulated compensation holding in the U. S. Veterans' Bureau. Had stopped at U. S. Soldiers' Homes, Washington, D. C., Johnson City, Tenn., and Hampton, Va.

Anyone knowing present whereabouts of SUIT, GEO. WATERHOUSE, may be known as WILLIAM SPEAR, seaman, second-class, formerly of Washington, D. C.

Former crew U. S. S. NEWPORT—serving during World War period who remember JOHN D. SULLIVAN, Yeoman, third-class.

WHITE, WILLIAM WALTER, who has filed claim with U. S. Veterans' Bureau at Kansas City, Mo.

WHITTAKER, CAPT. JOHNSON C., Co. D, 317th Ammunition Train, 92d Div., who furnished address in answer to previous notice as 1016 Garfield St., Detroit, Mich. Mail addressed there has been returned unclaimed. Please furnish present address.

Former members of Co. G, 164TH INF., who served with SGT. TOM GRODEM at Chatillon-sur-Seine, France—particularly pal from Oklahoma who was with him on leave at St. Malo.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

323D F. A.—Reunion Sept. 5 at Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address H. J. Garman, care Service Hardware Co., New Brighton, Pa.

BTTY. C, 307TH F. A., 78TH DIV.—Annual reunion Sept. 5 at Jamestown, N. Y. on Chautauqua Lake. Address Gust E. Johnson, 87 Sturgis St., Jamestown.

147TH INF., 37TH DIV.—Reunion Sept. 5-7 at Cincinnati, O. Address Arthur D. Hill, City Hall, Toledo, O.

145TH INF., 37TH DIV.—Seventh annual reunion, Sept. 5-7 at Cincinnati, O. Address John A. Tilden, 3212 Sycamore Road, Cleveland Heights, O.

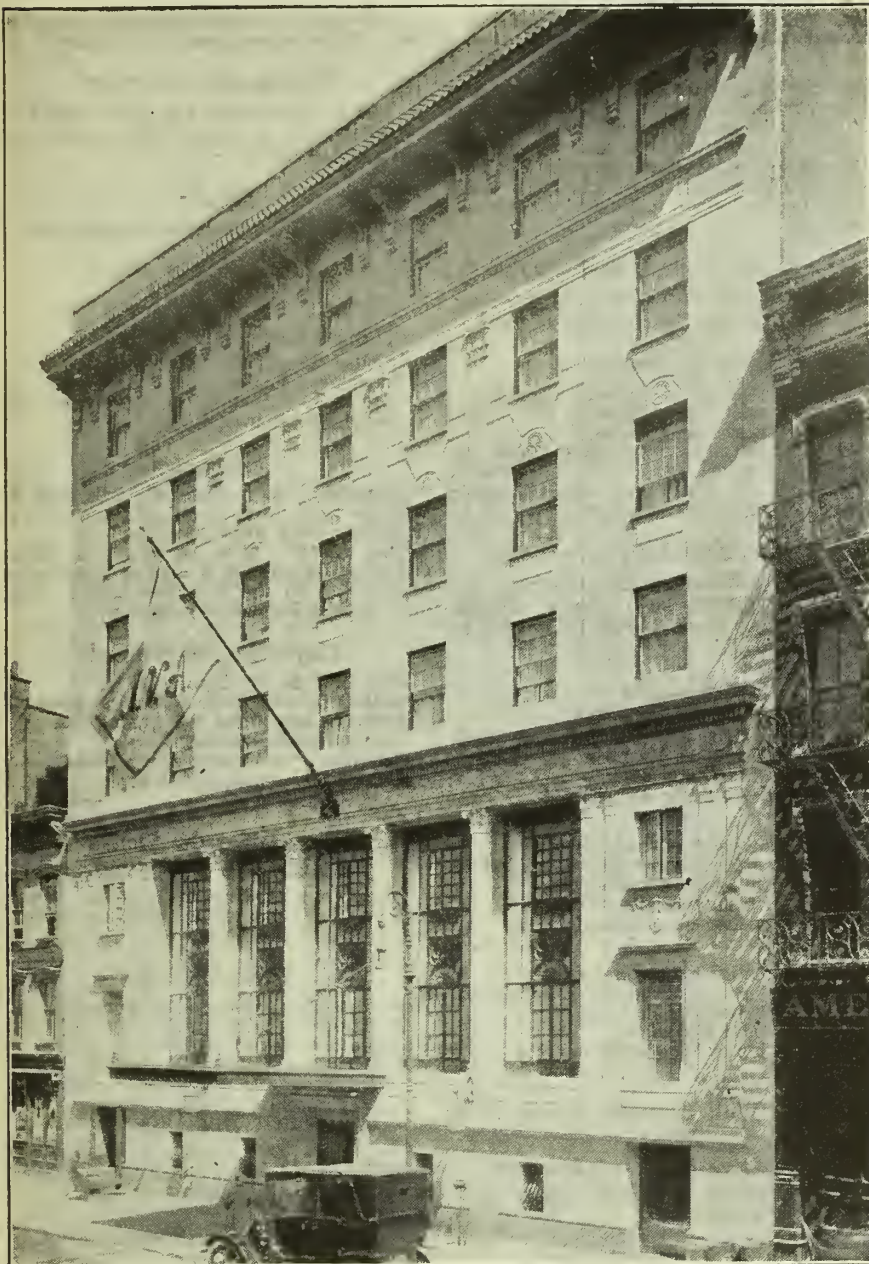
303D F. A., 76TH DIV.—Reunion Sept. 5-7 at Camp Devens, Mass. Address William A. Barron, Jr., 111 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

BTTY. D, 307TH F. A.—Reunion Sept. 6 at State Fish Hatchery grounds, Caledonia, N. Y. Address L. C. Morrison, Perry, N. Y.

M. G. Co., 142ND INF.—Reunion Sept. 6-8 at Gainesville, Tex. Everything free but railroad fare. Address E. B. Helsley, 505 W. Heard St., Cleburne, Tex.

The Post that Never Meets

(Continued from page 10)



The clubhouse of N. V. A. Post—the luxurious New York home of the National Vaudeville Artists

testimonial took the form of the presentation to General Pershing of a bronze plaque.

From the very beginning of radio the Keith-Albee Circuit has consistently set its face against broadcasting its shows. But this one time the performance was hooked up by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to twenty-seven of the most powerful stations in the country.

When the United States entered the war the N. V. A. Club had a membership of approximately seven thousand. Of that number it is safe to assume that at least one half were women. Yet the record cards of the organization indicate that about one thousand of those eligible entered the service.

This does not include the other thousands—and that figure is not an exaggeration—who gave up safe work at

fat salaries and devoted a year or two to entertaining in camps and cantonments, on naval vessels, and behind the lines in France, and to putting over Liberty Loan, Red Cross and other war fund drives.

Every week the post is approached by men and women who appeared as entertainers for the men in service both at home and abroad and who hope on the basis of that service to gain admission to the post. Many of the ineligible—ineligible only because membership is restricted to those who actually served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps and who are in addition members in good standing of the N. V. A. Club—continue to help with hospital work, which is the great mission of the post and which will continue to be so as long as there are hospitals and men in them.

WHY THROW AWAY YOUR RAZOR BLADES?



ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch, is now bringing before the public another article of great economic value, an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades. Makes every blade good for 100 to 300 perfect shaves.

INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER

automatically brings the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. Over 800,000 sold within a single year.

Ten Days' FREE TRIAL Prove the Stropper is all we claim. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it ten days. Your money back at once, if not completely satisfied. Write at once, mentioning make of razor you use.

AGENTS: Write for proposition.
ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, Pres.
New Era Mfg. Co., Dept. 58, 478 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Dependable Salesmen Wanted

Tire prices are jumping. Motorists are buying tires now. Become our representative and sell a well-known, guaranteed make of tire. Good, quick profits. Some of our heavy duty tires go over 39,000 miles. Cash in on your spare moments. Write today for plan.

Princeton Tire and Rubber Co.
Trenton, New Jersey

PUREWool District Salesmen
\$23.50 Wanted Experienced men can easily earn \$100.00 a week at start. Our union made suits and overcoats at \$23.50 (none higher) are America's biggest values. We show latest nifty colors and styles for men and young men. Only pure wool fabrics. The overcoats are satin lined. Protected territory. Can use spare time in some towns. Write today for application blank and free sample of the world's greatest clothing values. Address **C. B. HARVEY, Box 00, CHICAGO**



\$2700 a Year for You

Be Railway Mail Clerks You Get Preference

Every Ex-Service Man Should Mail Coupon Immediately

Travel—See Your Country
Steady Work No Layoffs
Paid Vacations

Franklin Institute, Dept. H 189, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions and free sample coaching; (2) List of other Government jobs desirable; (3) Tell me how I can get a position; (4) Send information regarding preference to ex-service men.

Name

Address

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Interpreter

One of those smoking car conversations had started between Prof. Dusser and his seat-mate.

"Yes," admitted the professor, "I understand ten foreign languages and eighteen dialects."

"Good!" ejaculated his companion. "Perhaps you would kindly inform me when the conductor announces my station."

Add Triumphs of Surgery

[From the Eldorado (Ark.) News]

Bernard Murphy, 15-year-old son of Hugh Murphy, stuck a nail in his foot a few days ago, which caused septic poison. One finger had to be amputated.

Byplay

"But I'll see you bye and bye,"

Wrote my fiancée to me,

And she did, I do agree.

We were wed, and now her eye

Sees me buy and buy and buy!

—R. O. H.

Local Option

[From the Omaha World Herald]

City council has definitely voted For Nebraska: Mostly fair, slightly warmer.

For Iowa: Fair, warmer.

Making the Best of It

"Can you help me get my car out of a mudhole?" asked the motorist.

"You're stuck?" queried the farmer.

"Oh, no doubt. But there isn't any other way out, so I'll pay you what you demand."

Just a Slip of a Girl

[Ad in Los Angeles Examiner]

\$25—LOST in 10c store or street; working girl in May envelope.

Reasonable

"This painting doesn't look like me," objected Mrs. Cappington.

"I know it," agreed the artist triumphantly. "But I charge only ten percent extra for that."

For Raising Cain, Doubtless

[From Petersburg (Va.) Progress & Index]

Mr. Howard Cain, who offended the College of William and Mary the past three years, is spending a few days at his home in Ettrick.

The Key to Popularity

With girls he was most popular,

Though not a charming sinner.

He won the hearts of all with just:

"My, but you're getting thinner!"

Why, John!

[Ad in Gloucester (Mass.) Daily Times]

JOHN, THE TIMES CAT—has a few more kittens; will be given away to those who will give them a good home.

Warding It Off

Marie: "Why have you been engaged to Dick for so long?"

Elsie: "He says when we are married we will have to live economically."

A Willing Victim

It was the busy day of the week in the automobile show-room. Prospects came and went, but the head clerk noticed one little

man who stayed on and on admiring one of the new models.

"Interested in a new car?" he asked.

"No!" shouted the little man vehemently.

"I've made up my mind for good that we can't afford one this year. But," he added stealthily, "you—you might talk to my wife about it."

Oh, Carry Your Own Matches!

[Ad in Cleveland Plain Dealer]

GIRL 16 wants light or care of child.

Open to Argument

"Say, ol' feller," called the slightly inebriated tourist, "m 'fraid 'm lost. Can you show me the right road?"

"What town d'ye want to git to?" inquired the native.

"Well, you've lived 'round here longer'n I have. What one you sugges'?"

Another Old Heirloom Lost

[Ad in Columbus (O.) Citizen]

FORD SEDAN lost; license 437423. Notify Thomas Buck, 110 E. Fulton St., as was keepsake.

Limerix

A triple-toed sloth is the Ai

With ways that are bashful and shai;

When Ai looks at its nose

And its three funny tose

Ai laugh till Ai think Ai will dai.

—M. H. D.

A passion for sea-food had Myrtle;

To the beach in her car she would hyrtle.

What with lobsters and crabs,

Served with mayonnaise dabs,

Little wonder her auto turned tyrtle.

—J. C.

A Jerseyman down at Weehawken

Was so infernally good at the tawken,

He daily hawked fish,

And thus had his wish

Of doing a bit o' Wee-hawken.

—E. K. S.

What the Well Dressed House Will Wear

[Ad in Sioux City (Ia.) Journal]

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—Cow, calf, wagon, 5 rolls barb wire.

Nothing to Worry About

A sudden burst of cursing issued from the bathroom where Blank was shaving.

"Isn't that terrible?" gasped the horrified visitor.

"No," calmly replied Mrs. Blanks.

"Probably just a little scratch."

Classified

"Please don't ask me again," begged Winnie, wearily. "To be perfectly frank, only a fool would marry you."

"All right," snorted Clarence, peeved at last. "You've had your last chance!"

The Candid Advertiser

[Ad in Manchester (N. H.) Leader]

MODEL D, 49 Buick. No further use, will sell for \$150.

Specify

Whim: "Binks married a phone girl, I hear."

Wham: "Tele, xylo or saxo?"

Moral: Don't Annoy a Cop

[From Utica (N. Y.) Daily Press]

Deputy sheriff F. H. Baker and Ray Pickard went to the place and made an extensive search, as well as making injuries of persons in that vicinity.

Last Chance

Doctor: "Your husband will not be with us long, Mrs. Zoop, if there is anything you wish to say to him."

Mrs. Zoop: "Oh, mercy, yes. Ezra, dear, do you mind if I deposit your insurance money in the First National? They have such a handsome calendar!"

Maybe So, Maybe So!

New hair in 30 days.

Cannot be told from a genuine diamond.

Anybody can write a big song hit.

Bowlegs made straight.

Genuine woven-under-water Panamas.

Reduce 30 pounds in 30 days.

—S. W.

Chance for the Sheiks

[Ad in the New York Telegram]

ONCE in a lifetime opportunity; breaking up the home of a furniture dealer; everything of the finest.

Wasted Effort

Here lies the bullet-riddled corpse

Of Thomas J. McBluff.

He held five lovely acs—

Four would have been enough.

—D. D.

But Watch Her Other Days

[Ad in Oxford (Miss.) Eagle]

FOR SALE—One Good Fresh Milch Cow. Will be on Square Saturday.

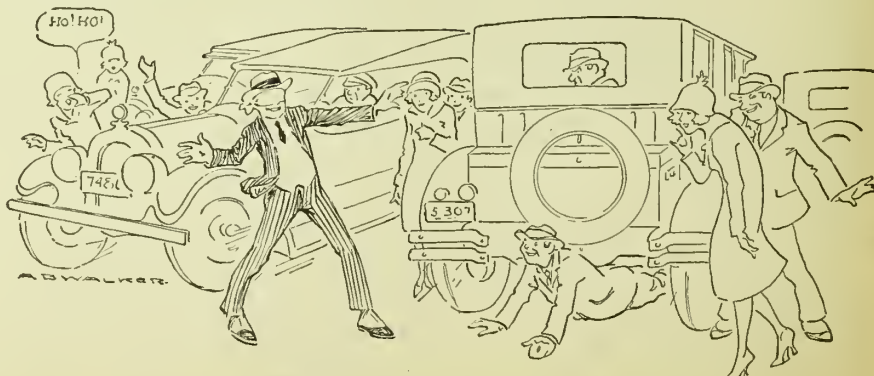
According to Precedent

The hero dragged the drowning girl to shore and, leaving her in willing hands, leaped back into the surging water.

"What!" cried someone on the shore.

"Is there another one out there?"

"No," shouted the hero. "But I can't afford to marry."



The jay-walkers' fraternity initiates a new member



YOU—AT OMAHA

OF COURSE you are going to the greatest convention the American Legion has ever had—and going right. Post cap, ceremonial badge, and a membership button for every coat.

Let the National Convention know that your Post is alive. Display your Legion membership. Wear the decorations which you have earned.

Send for your copy of the 1925 Emblem catalog NOW! It's free. It illustrates and describes the complete line of official regalia and emblems—prices surprisingly low.

Don't hesitate! Act now! Get the catalog, call your Post members together, make your selections and ORDER EARLY.

..... COUPON

THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Gentlemen:

Please rush me a copy of the 1925 Emblem Catalog, Free. I want to get our Post into action for the National Convention.

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

State _____ I belong to Post No. _____

Reduce Waistline *Quickly and Easily*

Amazing New Belt Takes Off Fat Through Automatic Massage. Does Away With Heart-Straining Exercises, Disgusting Diets, Weakening Sweat-Baths! Makes You Look Thin While You Grow Thin.

THE moment you put on this wonderful new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but better still, you actually grow thinner day by day. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a

wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

This amazing new belt marks a wonderful new freedom for stout men—freedom from monotonous, heart-straining exercises—freedom from disgusting reducing diets—freedom from weakening sweat-baths, dangerous pills and dreary self-denials!

New Youth-Giving Belt Massages Away Fat

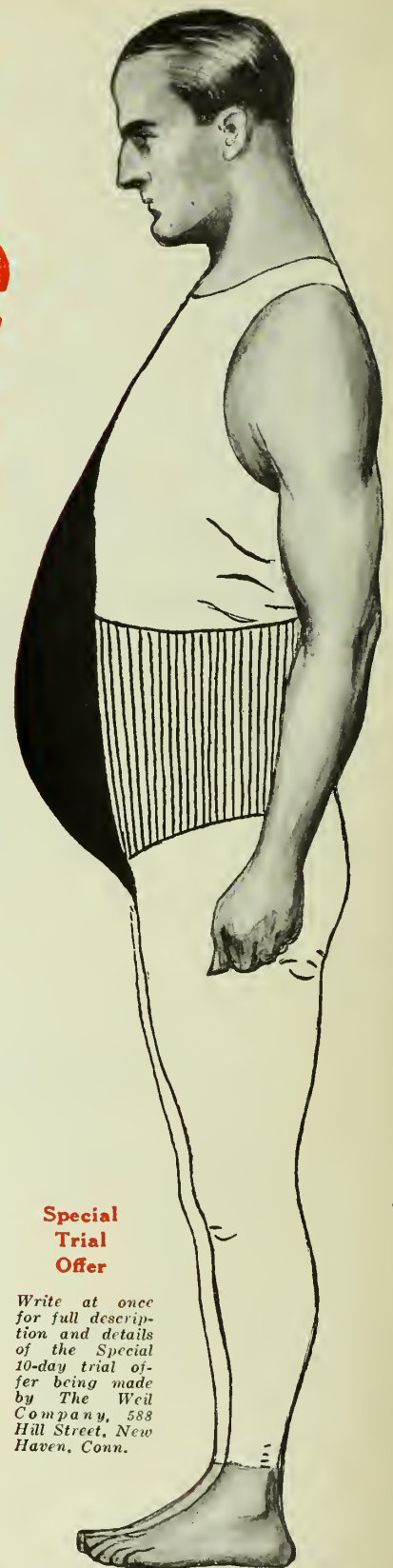
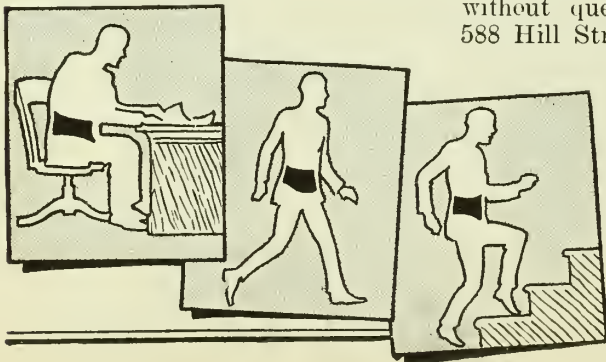
This marvelous new kind of belt known as the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt produces the same results as an expert masseur—only quicker, and cheaper. The Weil Belt does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat by gently but constantly massaging the bulging fat tissues. It sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. With every move you make, with every breath you take, your abdomen receives this gentle but

effective pressure and gradually but surely inches of fat are massaged away.

Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question. The Weil Co., 588 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

As illustrated at the left, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



Special Trial Offer

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-day trial offer being made by The Weil Company, 588 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

**THE WEIL COMPANY,
588 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.**

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____